## owandThen,etc. ALittleHumor

LOOKING FORWARD.

"Wake up, Mrs. Henne-Pecquel wake up! There are robbers in the house!" whispered Mr. Henne-Pecque in an agitated manner, shaking his better half, as he spoke. "Eh? What? What's the matter now?"

was the drowsy reply, "Wake up! There are robbers in the house, and we shall all be murdered if you don't do something!"

"Nonsense, my love, it' sthe cats on the fence. Robbers don't come at this time of night; we've only just gone to bed. Don't be scared at nothing!"

"Just gone to bed, indeed! You've been snoring like a triphammer for the last four "Do be logical, my dear. Triphammers

don't snore." "And the clock struck 2 ever so long ago

"By Jove, there is somebody stirring downstairs," Mrs. Henne-Pecque exclaimed,

now wide a wake. Hastily thrusting her feet into her slippers and donning her bloomers, she was about to harry from the room when her frigitened busband tearfully cried: "Don't leave this room! Lock the door!

They'll kill you!" "Just like a man! First you rouse me to go and hunt burglars, then"—but the rest of Mrs. Henne-Pecque's remarks were lost

in the distance.

Mr. Henne Pecque took the baby from its crib and then scrambled back into bed and pulled the sheet up over his head and the baby's.

Presently he was a little reassured by hearing his wife and the cook talking quite cheerfully as they came up the stairs. "Did you find them, dear? Did they run away? Did they take anything? Mr. Henne

Pecque called out. "I suppose, my love, that it is the privilege of the weaker sex to be scared-to death at their own shadows, but really be-fore you rouse me out of my first sleep

again, I wish you'd remember that you gave Patrick leave to go to a party." 'Oh, how stupid I am! Of course, I did. but I forgot it. Seems to me he's awfully

"It is just 12 by my watch, which never varies five seconds. You imagined you heard a clock strike 2, poor, timid little No. Mrs. Henne-Pecque, I didn't imagine 1 heard the parlor clock, and I re-

member now that it is half an hour fast and strikes two hours ahead of time. But I was frightened to think." Well, of all remarkable things! Why in the name of common sense don't you have

that clock attended to?" Because, my dear, it's a fine French clock and it costs so much to have such clocks repaired. I am trying to be econom-

ical, you see, my dear."
"A very foolish economy, Mr. Henne Pecque. I'd rather pay for its repair twice a week than be routed out of my sleep in this manner. Do have it attended to at once, and while it is under treatment you must have a decent timepiece, then per-haps dinner will be more prompt. Remind me of it at breakfast and I'll send up a dining-room clock to-morrow."
"Never mind about that, dear! I can go

by my watch for or few days." Your watch! Wound up once a week or twice a day, just as you happen to think of it—there, you've waked up the baby with your senseless chatter! It is enough to yex a saint! I've a very busy day before me to-morrow, and I simply must have a good night's rest. If your fretful child persists in staying awake as he does some times, you really must take the creature into another room!"

Yes, dear, I will. You must not be kept awake a moment longer. Come, petsy wetsy. Paprill take his own little dar ling upstairs, and papa'll sing her some pretty songs. 'Sh, sh, 'sh, don'y ky and keep por, tired mama awake any longer," and so saying. Mr. Henne-Pecque in his lace-trimmed robe de nuit went out of the room with the baby pressed close to his manly

"Confounded nuisances, crying babies are, anyway," murmured Mrs. Henne Pecque, settling herself to sleep. "In incky for them that fathers are so patient; I'm dn't be."-New Yor k Recorder

The Long-Distance Telephone.

"Hello, Central!"
"What number, please?" Connect me with the City of Mexicol I wish to speak to President Diaz "Helio! Who wants the President of the Mexican Republic?" "Is that President Diaz?" "Yes."

This is President Cleveland." 'Ah! Good morning, Mr. Cleveland, Glad to see you at long range. Anything I can do for you?"
"Mr. Diaz, I want to ask how many

ms you have been acting as ruler of Well, I began in 1884, and have been at

"Then you are in your fourth term now?"
"Yes!"

"Great Scott! When you have time, Mr. President, I wish you would write and tell me how you worked it. That is all, Good-"Good by!"-Pittsburg Chronicle-Tele-

The Right Thing at Last.
Ex-Gov, Roberts, of Texas, is a queer character. Recently be was called upon to deliver an address to the immates of the State penitentiary. The Governor consented, and after reviewing his audience for a few minutes, began:

"Gentlement..."

"But no," he besitated, "you are not milemen of you would not be here." He paused for another moment. 'Fellow-citizens, then-"

He stopped again.
"No; you are not citizens, either."
The Governor grew impatient for want of omething to say.
"Well," he began again, "it doesn't mat-

ter what you are. I'm d-d glad to see s many of you here."-New York Journal. Decision. "Could I only read the future."

She nervously played with the fragile
fan, while the color alternately deepened

and faded upon her cheek. "The future." For an instant her eyes met the eyes of he man who was waiting for her to speak. "I have decided," she said, and it seem-

ed that a great peace had taken possession of her soul. "Make it chocolate, with lots Then she laughed lightly as one who had never known a care. Detroit Tribune.

Decisive.

They had been discussing the pronunciation of "oleomargarine" and finally determined to leave it to the waiter, but he hadronic

hedged.
"Sure," said he, "I have to pronounce it 'butter' or lose my job."-Tit-Bits

Saved by Superstition.
Tailor—Why don't you pay this bill?
Customer—How much is your billi?
Tailor—Thirteen dollars. Customer-Great Caesar, man, that's unlicky. I can't pay it.—Detroit Free Press

The Grateful Editor. "It may be weakness," said the dying editor, "but I can't help but feel grateful to this town." "What for?"

"For life enough to leave it."-Atlanta onstitution.

Reason Enough.

Hoax-I'd ask you home to dinner with me, old chap, but for one reason.

Joax-What's that?

Hoax-My wife is taking a course of instructions at a cooking school.-Philadelphia Record.

QUEER SHAMPOO.

Joe, the Whiskbroom Boy, Got His In-

In one of the hotel barber shops a small Italian boy named Joe officiates with the whisk broom. The other day, says the Buf-falo Express, the hotel bousekeeper sent down to the proprietor of the abop and asked him to fix her up a bottle of shampoo. He fixed it and told Joe to take it up to the ousekeeper. "You tell her," said the barber, "to take

half a teacup of the shampoo and put it in two teacups of water and apply."

Joe took the shampoo and went up to the housekeeper with it. In a short time be came back, and the barber asked: "Give it to her all right?" "Yes," said Joe.

"With the directions?"
"Yes," said Joe, again. Half an hour later the barber noticed the housekeeper out in the hall, looking curious

ly into the shop. He walked out to where she was.
"Helio," she said. "Which is it? Are you drunk, or crazy?"

"What do you mean?" asked the barber with much dignity.

A GROUP OF LITTLE CHAPS.

Texas Siftings.

The politician who wrote an open letter wishes now that he had kept it closed.— Texas Siftings. Cows are now milked by machinery. Milk is adulterated by hand, as usual.—

"I went shooting yesterday." "What, has the game law expired?" "Oh, yes; nothing else did, though."—Chicago Rec-

The St. Louis girl wrote: "Don't phale to be thar." Her Kansas City beau replied: "I will be thar; there's no such word as phale."—Inter-Ocean. Laura—George, look at that dog! Will he bite? George—Bite? If he's a dog of any judgment, Laura, he'll try to eat you! Get out, you brute!—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burnem—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't cat half as much as when we had a cook.—Yonkers States

"Never," began the philosophical drum-mer, "never marry a woman with a square, protruding chin." "I never do," said the drummer from Chicago.—Indianapolis Journal.

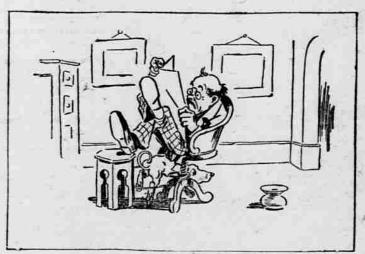
"You must be one or the other, judging "A nice painted shaving mug." "But I



1-Pretied that dog to the chair and don't believe he can run away again.



2-What is this? A revolution in Cuba?



8-Great Heavens! I wonder if Spain will be overthrown?



4-111 \$\$ 111

from the message you sent up with that shampoo. "What message did I send?" "Joe told me you said to tell me to make a cup of tea and put it in the bottle and he

about it." Jenny Kissed Him. Jenny kissed me when we met-Not as once we osculated-Leaving doubt and vain regret.

Jenny's lips were medicated! So the romance fades away-Love has lost his dearest blisses: Ruined is the roses of May
With these chilly drug store kisses! -Atlanta Constitution.

A Daugerous Practice. A.—Is dyeing the lair as dangerous as the doctors would make it appear?

B.—Certainly; you may take my word for it. Only last spring an uncle of mine dyed his hair and in three weeks he was married to a widow with four children.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Delicate Hint. He-Yesterday I asked a daisy whether on loved me, Miss Ella.

She-Was the answer favorable? He-No. She-Well, why don't you ask me

have a fine one now." "Oh, I've just broken that."-Fliegende Blaetter. Did you ever hear the ocean moaning, Ever moaning, sad and low? 'Tis because that fat old bather

Stepped upon its undertow -University Herald. Customer-Can't you wait upon me? I've been here for hearly an hour. Two pounds of liver, please. Butcher-Sorry, but there's three or four ahead of you. Surely, you don't want your liver out of order.—Boston Heraid.

Wiggles-I hear Bjenks has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet? Waggles-Well, he's convalescent; but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away.-Somerville Journal.

What do you think of this previous exwhat do you think of this previous ex-istence theory?" "I know it is to be sup-ported by facts. For instance, I know a woman only twenty-seven years old who thoughtlessly tells about things that hap-pened thirty-five years ago."—Indianapolis

Teacher—Polly/ dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it and killed three, how many would be left?
Polly, aged 6—Three, please.
Teacher—No; two would be left.—
Polly—No, there wouldn't. The three shot would be left and the other two would be flied away.—Philadelphia American.

POKER AND JURISPRUDENCE.

Chief Justice Beatty Says It Is Not a Gambling Game.
Chief Justice Beatry, of the California supreme court, has decided that in the eyes of the law poker is not a game that comes under the head of gambling.
This decision, says the Los Angeles Herald, is the result of an application for a

This decision, says the Los Angeles Herakl, is the result of an application for a writ of habeas corpus made by Julius Meyer, who was held to answer on a charge of perjury. Meyer was a juror in the Paulsell case in San Francisco, and when examined as a talesman swore that he knew nothing with regard to gambling games. Paulsell was on trial in the superior court on a charge of robbing the proprietors of a faro bank. Meyer was asked by the counsel for the defendant:

"Do you know a man named Carroll or Ross or Webber, the men who were proprietors of the gambling house at 620 Market street?"

street?"
To which he answered:
"No, sir; I have nothing to do with such

"No, sir, I have nothing to do with such places."

The charge is that the latter part of this answer is false; that the prisoner did have something to do with "such places."

After the trial it was discovered that Meyer was a constant visitor at certain poker establishments, and was employed to help along the game by taking a hand in

PROF. WEED BECOMES ENTHUSI



Prof. Weed (the botanist)-Ladies, you should not be content with a superficial knowledge of this great science. You should go below the surface, so to speak. Water plants are very interesting.



2-Let me illustratel



3-Chorus from the ladies-A beautiful Bustration, professor. Prof. Weed-Wait a moment, ladies; I'm not through yet.



plant. When I was down there I cut the stem off at the roots with my jack-knife.

order to revive interest. On this informa-tion the district attorney made out a com-plaint in which the energed him with per-jury. economized paint on it, have you? What do you call it? Artist-That, sir, is an autumn sunset. Ingenious Friend-Don't say! Well, I don't blame the sun at all for setting.

The Logical Conclusion. He was leaning dejectedly against a lamp ost, contemplating immensities, when I ac cidentally brushed against him. "Look out!" he exclaimed. "Don't you dare disturb me." "Why not?" I asked, turning as I recog nized his voice.

"'Cause I'm the shenter of the unicornno, I mean un-versh," he explained.

thickly. "How did you find it out?" I asked, adnow did you find it out?" I asked, admiring his egotism.

"Go 'way, foolish man, before you prepresshipitate chaos," he exposulated.

"First tell me-how you know you're the center of the universe," I insisted.

"Ain't everything revolving around me?" he demanded, indignantly.—New York Truth. of it is of an adverse nature.

Neighbor-I called to say that you must keep your dog from barking; he won't let

our baby sleep.

Householder—I'm glad you called. I wanted to say that if you don't keep your baby from crying I shall have to enter a complaint. He annovs my dog awfully.—
Boston Transcript.

TOLLY JINGLE.

Mr. Easy Rider-Me only regret is dat Mr. Easy Ruder-Me only regret is dat de bizzy freight agent wot give me de job recanig' dis easy chair didn't pay me fer it in advance.—Judge. Hoax—Why do you call your hunting dog

Indian?

Joax - Because be's always on the scent. Philadelphia Record. He, delighted with a new play—Isn't it

She-Perfectly lovely! It must have been made by Worth.—New York Weekly. "Hallo, Jasmun, where are you living

"With my wife, of course."
"And where is your wife living?"
"Oh-er-why-with her father."—Cincinnati Enquirer.
Richard—Wonder if we can get a drink at this place?
William-Don't know. We can find out

by going in, I suppose. Richard—Thanks, I don't care if I do.— Boston Transcript.

Speculator—Is there any money in in-

Manufacturer—Not as much as there used to be. The inventors are getting so smart now that they actually demand a share of the profits—Brooklyn Eagle. to be. The inventors are getting so smart now that they actually demand a share of the profits.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Artist—There, sir, is my latest picture.
Ingenious Prientl—Well, you haven't Eagle.

Van Jay-Miss Meeks called me a fool.

Do I look like a fool?

Millicent—No, you do not. I don't think she judged you by your looks.—Brooklyn Eagle.

CURRENT FUN.

"What link did you have fishing?" asked the man who had no vacation.
"Tough," groaned the lazy man. "The fish bit so fast that I had no chance to enjoy myself at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Old Mercator (to little Billy Ducks, just left school, who applies for situation as affice boy and produces testimonial from clergyman)—We don't want you on Sundays, ny good little boy. Have you a reference from any one who knows you on weekdays?"—Sidney Bulletin.

"Do you think she loves him?"

UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

1—You're a pug-nosed villian. An' yez is an Hephant-snowted spy.

1.256

3-All's well that ends well.

AN ARTISTIC ANIMAL.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"But you just said you never wanted to see me again."

Artist (sketching)-What a grand oppor-

"Go to the devil!

tunity for a fine study of a cow standing

in the water.

2-Take that! an' yez kin take that!

"Because he is her last chance."—Lon-don Tit-Bits.

When winds do blow, predicting snow, And all is sere and brown;
The festive tramp breaks summer camp
And rambles back to town.
—Philadelphia Record.

"When?"
"Purry quick, I reckon."
"But what about?"
"Wall," he drawled, as he pointed down
the street, "d'ye see that onery hawg wallerin' in the mud down thar?"
"Yes I see a hog."
"He belongs to Sam Batterson, the cooper, and Sam feels mighty tender to-sards
that hawg since his wife died. Now,
then, d'ye see that pessy dawg up the
street by that shade tree?"
"Yes, I see him." "Yes, I see him."

"He belongs to Joe Stivers, the harness-maker; and Joe thinks so much of him that he makes his children sleep on the flob that the dawg may have a feather bed all to hisself. In about five minutes that pesky dawg will see that onery hawg and thar'll be a row."

IT WAS A PEACEFUL TOWN.

But It Was Well to Keep Out of the Reach of Playful Shooters.

As I sat on the verse is of the village tavern and looked about me I thought it

tavern and looked about me I thought it one of the most peaceful towns I ever saw and said as much to the justice of the peace who occupied a chair beside me.

"Yes, purty peaceful, but—" he replied as his right hand went slowly back to his pistol pocket.

"But what?" I asked.

"But yo' don't want to mix in when it comes off. Yo'r-best way will be-to go through that door and up stairs, and don't come down as long as you hear any shootin."

shootin'."
"But I don't understand, judge. Is there
to be any shooting around here?"
"Sartin to be!"
"When?"

e a row."
"The dog will pitch into the hog, you

"Bartin to." "And then-"
"And then Sam Batterson will pitch inter

"And then Sam Batterson will pitch inter the dawg, and Joe Stivers will pitch inter Sam Batterson, and the fost thing yo' know the hull town will be pitchin' inter-each other, As I raid befo', yo'd better-keep yo'r eyes on that doah onless yo' want to mix in."

"But Judge, why should a little scrap-between a dog and log lead to—"
"That goes the pesky dawg!" exclaimed the judge, as he sprang up and started down the steps, drawing his pistol as he went.

down the steps, drawing his pistol as he went.

I made for the door and the stairway and reached my room. The shooting opened lively and was well sustained for about ten minutes. When it appeared to be over I descended to the veranda. The judge was just coming up the steps from the street. He had his hat in his hand, and there was blood on his check where a bullet had grazed it. grazed it.

grazed it.

"Wall, it's all over till next time!" be remarked, as he sat down and examined his pistol to see how many cartridges were left in the cylinder.

"Anybody killed?" I asked.
"One or two, I reckon, and three or four hurt, but it don't begin to be as lively as usual. The besky dawg was shot, however, and new Joe Stivers will be layin' far Sam Batterson every day in the year, and thar'll be no end of public enthossiasm!"—Detroit Free Press.

It Set Him Thinking. "I want to thank you, doctor," said Mr. Cawker to Rev. Dr. Thirdly, "for that admirable sermon on the higher criticism."

"I am very glad you liked it." repiled the minister, modestly, but much gratified.

"Yes, doctor, I like to hear discourses which make their hearers think, instead of sermons which go in at one car and out of the other."

"I like to have attentive and thoughtful hearers, and it gives me great pleasure to hear you say that it made you think, Mr. Cawker." added the minister.

"Well, I can honerly say that it did, does tor. By the way, there is one question I wanted to ask about that sermon."

"Go on, Mr. Cawker."

"Which side of the question do you fayor?"—New York Sun. I like to have attentive and thoughtful

Why He Didn't Catch Fish. Why He Didn't Carch Fish.

A miner in the North of England went to fish one day. He had no rod, so he let out his line and seated himself on the side of the dock. Now he was very stout and was afraid to look down at his line for fear of overbalancing himself, so he kept fishing away for over two hours without success when some ment came along in a boat.

"Any hites?" asked one of the men.

"Nor," replied the boatman, laughing, "you won't get any till you let your line sown farther, or the fishes get a step-ladder to climb up to your hook."

He had been fishing all the time with his line about a yard out of the water.—Pien

line about a yard out of the water. -Pier son's Weekly.

Bob's Puzzle.

Bob White' sits up on the old rail fence And whistles his morning lay, While the tenderfoot hunter he hies him. thence, And hastily blazes away.

Bob White" flies not-but he cries, "al

It is certainly passing queer; by the life of my soul, 'tis a puzzle to me Why the hunter bath killed the steer!" Drive It Off. Brave is his beart who bath a mind-

Through good of ill—at rest— for gare, as then will surely find, A coward is, at best.—Cleveland Plain-Bealer,

He Did. "We are slaves of custom!" shricked the eformer, as he gazed at the contented girl in the bloomers.

And echo softly answered: "Cusa'd 'emi'

-Cieveland Plain-Dealer. The Highest Commendation.
"I will take some of this material-buy will it wear well?"
"Oh. it is indestructible-untearable-

everlasting—it will wear till you pay for it."

-Unsere Gesellschaft. Total Deprayity.

Wickwire—That kid across the street must be a perfect fiend.

Mrs Wickwire—Why he seems to be one

of the nicest little boys I ever saw.
"No use to teil me what he seems to be.
I actually saw his own grandmother giving
him a licking the other day."—Indianapolis Journal. An Oversight.

"I fancy, Justine, that my coffee is much stronger to-day than usual."

"Please, sir, I must have made a mis-ake and brought you the servants' coffee."

"L'Evanement." -L'Evenement.

Not So Expensive After All.

A - When I come to reckoup what I have
to pay for my shooting license and firearms, the suits of clothes and boots I
wear out, and the neglect of my business,
every hare I shoot costs me thirty marks.

B-In that case how lucky it is you
shoot so few. - Humoristische Blatter.

"Do you understand French, Jack?" asked an Aliegheny-young man of his chum.
"A little."

"Then perhaps you can help me. Miss Northeide told me last night that I was non persona grata, and I would like to know what sort of a compliment she menat to bestow upon me."—Pittsburg Chronium Talewardh.

cle-Telegraph. The Retort Courteons.

She-You viper! He, gollantly-You snake-charmer!-L Gazzettino.

Very Modern.
Professor—Miss Kitty, tell us about the Venus de Milo—is she antique or modern?
Miss Kitty—Modern, I think. She looks as if she had just been run over by a troiley car.-Puck.

Unfortunate.
Toto (in tears)—Boo-oo-oo!
Papa—What's the matter with that boy

Toto—Oh, pat I've synilowed one of the cartridges of your revolver.

Papa—You little wretch! And I can't even give you a thrashing for fear of exploding the cartridge.—London Globe.



plaint in which be ellipsed him with perjury.

Judge Murphy, before whom the case was tried, found the exjuror guilty, but later Chief Justice Beatty rendered his decision. In his offinion he said:

"Poker playing for money, however objectionable in fact, is in the eyes of the law as innocent as chess or any game played for recreation, and its volaries and the places where it is played are not criminal. There is no consistency, therefore, between the declaration of petitioner that he bad nothing to do with such places as a faro bank and the fact that he did frequent clubrooms where poker was played for money. And since there is neither evidence nor accusation of any other false statement made by him it follows that he cannot be held for perjury and must be dis-

cannot be held for perjory and must be dis-charged from custody."

Much comment has been caused by this action on the part of the justice, and some

"Look here, Schlempenhagen, you must help us at our smoking concert. You play the flute, don't you?"
"Not ven dere ish anypotty apout."
"How's that?"

Good Reason.

Richmond Dispatch.

FALL FANCIES. Mrs. Cawker-What is the proper style of address to an admiral?

die

Cow-Yes. Let me help you.

FRICKER.

Mr. Cawker-Your warship.-Judge. Miss Prion (quoting).-Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them. Miss Smart (musingly)-Yes; I wonder what wise man made the one you just re-

peated?-Truth. Lawyer-Have you formed any opinion n this case?

Juryman—No, sir.

"Do you think, after the evidence on both sides is all in, you would be able to form any opinion?"

"No, sir."

"You'll do."—New York Weekly.

Jack—Half a dozen of my girl cousins are growing up, and I am considering the question as to whether I should stop kissing them. What do you think? "There's only one rule, my dear fellow. When they are old enough for you to enjoy 2, then it's time to stop."—Life.

An Important Point.

The Deacon's Wife—I hope you have been careful about the new minister's qualifica-

Deacon—Yes, we made him define ly what he means by "a few words."—

Brooklyn Life.